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PICCADILLY.

PICCADILLY! The historian, the essayist, the wit, the poet, all have sounded thy praises. Highway of fashion; channel through which unceasingly flows the brilliant stream of humanity which the exclusive West sends in search of pleasure and variety; beloved of loungers and beaux; happy hunting-ground for artists, dilettantes, and man-about-town; ever-varying spectacle for country cousins—it seems almost a forlorn hope to endeavour to say anything fresh about thee, most delightful of streets.

Piccadilly is never monotonous. Either from shop-windows or passers-by, one may always gather amusement and perhaps instruction. True, it is to a great extent the street of a class. More respectable than the bohemian Strand, less prosaic than middle-class Oxford Street, its crowds are composed for the most part of that section of metropolitan humanity popularly known as the 'Upper Ten'; yet there is always sufficient leaven of the common multitude to add variety to the scene.

Turn in to it from the Circus, that vortex of traffic, whose clatter and confusion are calculated to bewilder even the accomplished urban traveller. Swan and Edgar's gay Oriental exhibit, and the neighbouring shops on the one side, make a pleasing little oasis of colour, in strange contrast to the grim frontage of the Museum of Practical Geology and Royal School of Mines over the way—truly, of all the places in the metropolis devoted to relaxation and improvement, the gloomiest and least exhilarating. Well does the writer recollect how as a boy he spent Wednesday half-holidays within its echoing and deserted halls; and the depressing remembrance of those juvenile dissipations amidst the models of coal-mines and specimens of strange and stony formations, lingers even yet.

Glance for a moment opposite at the unpretentious book-shop with the royal arms over the door. Few would think that so unpromising an exterior holds the most remarkable bookselling

business in the world, yet the name of Quaritch proclaims that here are the headquarters of the extraordinary man whose career has been a succession of bibliopolical triumphs; and here are gathered together more rare and valuable volumes than in any space of the same size outside the British Museum or the Bodleian.

Air Street—aptly named, being a very sigh of a street for brevity—marks what in 1659 was the most westerly turning out of Piccadilly, the whole district beyond being fields and lanes, and opposite we may look through the iron gateway at St James's Church, erected for Henry, Earl of St Albans, in the days of our lugubrious-looking 'Merry Monarch.' This nobleman is perhaps chiefly notable, or rather notorious, as uncle of the 'Harry Jermyn' whose escapades are frequently referred to by Grammont, which gentleman, under-sized, ugly, and, if all accounts be true, stupid as he was, seems to have been a very prince of Lotharios.

The church is a comparatively uninteresting building so far as architectural merit is concerned, very prim and formal in its seclusion behind the red brick wall. There is a white marble font by Grinling Gibbons, the canopy of which once served as strange a purpose, surely, as ever a font-cover in this world—that, namely, of a tavern sign, when stolen by sacrilegious hands. Some famous names are connected with the building. Adam Clarke, ripe scholar and upright man, was pastor for a time. Several celebrities also are buried here: Charles Cotton, who travestied Virgil, poetical historian of the Peak, and disciple of the gentle Izaak; Dr Thomas Sydenham, whose system of fever treatment marks an era in our medical history; a brother physician, Arbuthnot, whom Thackeray has dubbed 'one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind,' and to whom we owe the invention of 'John Bull,' that title which so happily hits off the national characteristics.

Another doctor, but of a very different sort, also lies here—the merry deviser of those

famous *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, which cured so many of the spleen and the doldrums—witty, thriftless, coarse, yet withal genial, Tom D'Urfey. How his ballads must have been shouted and roared by the roystering blades who swaggered from tavern to tavern in those days! Glancing through the six chubby volumes which comprise the collection of these ditties, one must perforce wonder how any period, any society could tolerate some of them. Others there are less questionable, whose themes are as a rule drink and joviality, many written, doubtless, at my Lord Buckhurst's seat of Knowle, in Kent, where the poet-laureate of tavern and supper-table had a room always prepared for him, and where he sang the praises of 'the Incomparable strong Beer at Knoll.' He must have been a lovable bohemian, this man, 'whom envy and spite could never sadden.' He lived to see the reign of Anne with its circle of wits and beaux, of so different a cast from those he had known in his prime; and the queen favoured him on the quiet, nor disdained to listen to his songs and jokes at her private supper-parties.

Sackville Street boasts a double singularity: it is the longest street in London without a cross or by-turning; and it has no lamp-posts, the gas lamps being fixed to arms projecting from the houses. The shop at the west corner is always an attraction, the name of Fores having long been known in connection with those coloured sporting prints which depict in such animated style the victories of the turf and the hunting-field. The most popular are the reproductions of the old pictures our sportive forefathers delighted in: 'The First Steeple-chase on Record' showing a number of eccentric gentlemen careering across country on thoroughbreds, with white night-shirts and night-caps as riding costume, or the 'Departure of the Rover' or the Firefly for Exeter, Liverpool, or York, with all the quaint surroundings of galleried inn-yard and many-caped passengers. Such subjects as these are still sought for by the sporting collector, and at Fores' he may find them in variety enough.

Princes Hall, a somewhat blank-looking structure, is chiefly noticeable for the boldly carved figures which surmount the doorway in the centre; while the Albany opposite stands the personification of solid respectability, and brings back to us Canning, Bulwer-Lytton, and Lord Macaulay. The great essayist lived here for fifteen years, and wrote most of his wonderful *History* within its walls. Byron, too, had rooms in the building; but we shall meet his erratic lordship later on.

The splendid frontage of Burlington House attracts attention next. It is curious to remember that its predecessor on this site was erected because its owner was sure no one would build beyond him! and was the first good house in Piccadilly. The present palatial edifice shelters numerous learned corporations, most of them familiar enough by name, though the functions of some are to the uninitiated public rather obscure. The best known and most popular of all is the Royal Academy—the 'Forty Immortals,' to borrow from our French neighbours, or, as some wag has put

it, the 'Forty Thieves.' Who would see fashionable London in a small space must stand within the fine courtyard on 'Private View' day, when every one who is any one worth mentioning flocks to see the pictures and each other.

Burlington Arcade, chief temple of frippery and frivolity, presents an unchanged aspect from year to year. The same shops, the same kind of wares, the same loungers, who never seem to buy. Are there any people bold enough to purchase goods in Burlington Arcade? There always seems such a sublime air of dearness about the daintily arranged little emporiums, that one could almost fancy seeing above each doorway, 'Highest prices for everything charged here.'

The Egyptian Hall remains the most distinctive building in London. This reproduction of an old temple sacred to the mystic rites of Isis looks strange enough in the midst of its busy nineteenth-century surroundings. The Siamese Twins; the Model of Waterloo; Tom Thumb, drawing his hundreds, while poor Haydon's works of art were disdainfully neglected in a neighbouring chamber; Albert Smith's inimitable jaunt to Mont Blanc; and nowadays the perennial sance of mystification presided over by Mr Maskelyne—these are brought to our minds as we linger awhile outside the curious frontage.

Arlington Street, quiet, sedate, and replete with memories, recalls some people famous in their day, and one at least famous now. Harry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, at one time high in favour with the monarch who 'never said a foolish thing;' but, like many others, falling into disrepute so far even as to become a laughing-stock with the frivolous good-for-nothings who flattered round the English court.

Horace Walpole is another figure we associate with Arlington Street, where, as a boy, he listened at his mother's knee to that small-talk in which he was one day to prove so proficient. Many of his delightful letters date from thence, though Strawberry Hill was to witness the arch-dilettante at the summit of his fame. The present Prime Minister has his 'family mansion' here, sheltered behind a wall, in front of which a solitary policeman keeps guard over the residence of the Queen's chief adviser, in strange contrast to the elaborate military precautions one finds abroad in a similar case. Hatchett's, opposite, looks sadly shorn of its glories, now that the ground floor is given up to miscellaneous shops, and the upper part turned into sets of chambers. The entrance to what was the White Horse Cellars remains, it is true; but the coaches seem to be divided in their old allegiance, some going to the Bath Hotel opposite, and others preferring the modern Northumberland Avenue. Few prettier sights can London show than the evening arrival of these smart four-in-hands, as they come dashing up the hill from the corner through the stream of vehicles. The rays of the sun, setting beyond the Park, light up the red coat of the guard and the burnished coach-horn on which he sounds a merry note or two as the splendid horses, skilfully steered, go spankingly over the wood pavement, to all outward appearance little the worse for their long run.

With a brief survey of Walsingham House and the adjacent Club, which form so prominent a feature in the view as one looks up Piccadilly

from the west, let us turn a moment to the Duke of Devonshire's grim barrack, secluded behind one of the ugliest dead-walls in London. There is only one redeeming feature in this bare expanse—the remarkably beautiful bronze handles on the entrance gates. The house itself is a mean building, yet shelters priceless treasures of art. We may aptly cast back a thought to the fair Georgiana, who held her court here, assembling all who were noteworthy or fashionable, eager to pay their deference to the 'beautiful Duchess,' and a later memory is that which brings to our minds Charles Dickens and those celebrated performances of *Not so Bad as we Seem*, instituted by the novelist and Lord Lytton in aid of that still-born society the Guild of Literature.

Adjacent to Devonshire House—'over against,' as our forefathers would have said—stands, even more grimy and doleful, the town mansion of London's 'Lady Bountiful,' the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Never, surely, was so bright, so beneficent a spirit sheltered in so unpromising a structure as this ugly corner house, from which Sir Francis Burdett was escorted, to become the last prisoner in the Tower of London. Nowadays, the building is associated with deeds of charity and benevolence of the noblest kind, and most passers are half induced to raise their hats in respect as they go by the end of Stratton Street.

We have now arrived at the most charming portion of Piccadilly. Here the aptly named Green Park commences, calling to mind the words of the poet who has sung the praises of this locality in those verses commencing:

Piccadilly! shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirling of wheels and the murmur of trees.

Nowhere in London, perhaps, is Nature seen in more delightful freshness than here. Trees and grass seem to wear a perennial emerald tint, due, perchance, to the fact that here was all marshland in those years long ago when, where St James's Palace now stands, a hospital for lepers reared its melancholy front.

Palmerston, 'Old Pam'—who does not know the house he inhabited, when, the ruler of the nation's destinies, his gifted spouse entertained such brilliant circles? It is a Club now, that square, solid stone block, with its brick screen and double entrance gates. Bright and gay with flowers are the windows, and through them one catches glimpses of the chambers where the gray old statesman revolved many momentous questions in that long head of his.

Near by, Hertford House shows its massive frontage to advantage. A fine building, severely classical with its Corinthian columns, yet a relief from the 'London mixture' of style which too often distinguishes our present houses. It belonged formerly to the Sir Richard Wallace whose loss Paris particularly, and the art world in general, are yet deploring; but he parted with it to one of the rich merchant princes.

The 'charming *bijou* residence' of the house-agent's circular is very much to the fore hereabouts. There is quite a line of these small, apparently inconvenient, and yet high-priced dwellings, regular bandboxes of houses, with a rear outlook on to a mews or something equally pleasant. We are here, too, in the region of 'Junior' clubs, one of which, the Junior Athe-

næum, inhabits Hope House, No. 116, a corner building, which has escaped elegance without being downright ugly. One may know it by the Hope arms over the windows, the shattered globe, and also by those panels of polished granite which gave rise to a faint witticism on the part of Dickens to the effect that the house 'looked as if its face had been scratched and then covered with strips of sticking-plaster.'

A few steps more bring us to Park Lane and Gloucester House, town residence of our illustrious Commander-in-chief. Very unpretentious for the home of the Queen's cousin, yet withal boasting as comfortable and picturesque an aspect towards the Park as any house in Piccadilly. Through the French windows, travellers outside the omnibus can catch a rapid sight of statuettes, a neat white bookcase well filled with bright volumes, a few pieces of choice French furniture—nothing approaching the palatial; but neat, tasteful, and orderly, like the home of any English gentleman.

Lord Byron was once a near neighbour to Gloucester House, though the building has disappeared, to be replaced by Sir Algernon Borthwick's stately mansion, outwardly as well as inwardly one of the most elegant in London. All that is left to remind us of Byron is the number 139. Here it was that this wild wayward spirit passed the later part of his brief, unhappy, ill-advised married life. Here, in the midst of sordid troubles which must have jarred with dreadful intensity on so sensitive a creature, happened to him that event which broke up his life, and, as he has said, 'sent him forth a wanderer'—the desertion, flight, or whatever it may be termed, of his wife. We shall probably never know the truth of that sad history. When, some years since, a justly respected hand injudiciously endeavoured to lift the dark curtain which charitably veils this part of Byron's life, the result was a storm of protest from all sides, from all classes, save perhaps the bigot and the ignorant who revelled in the besmirching of a noble name with a mire fouler and blacker than any which his own, alas! too patent indiscretions had created for passers-by to fling. It is well that such was the case. Let the 'dead past bury its dead;' and on the grave of his forgotten and forgiven imperfections, may the flowers bloom to furnish a never-fading wreath for the brow of one we must honour as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century.

We have now nearly arrived at the termination of our walk, for, passing the row of handsome stone buildings which comprise the Rothschild, the Antrobus, and other mansions, we reach Apsley House and Hyde Park Corner. What memories of the stern, gray Duke arise as one gazes at the plain, smoke-begrimed edifice! The windows on the Park side, obscured by shutters, remind us of the iron plates which the veteran hero of a hundred fights was fain to place between himself and the stones of a London mob. A strange little piece of history this, and a significant warning to soldiers, however great and gifted, to stick to warfare, which is their business, and leave politics, which are not, severely alone.

The arrangement of Hyde Park Corner is much improved since the arch at the end of Consti-

tution Hill was swung round, giving a fine open space, which reveals the grandiose block of Grosvenor Place to advantage, though it somewhat accentuates the formal ugliness of St George's Hospital. Decimus Burton's elegant arch, too, is better seen, especially since the authorities took the sensible step of restoring the stonework to something of its original whiteness. Up to 1825 there was a turnpike gate hereabouts; and in the near vicinity stood the 'Hercules Pillars,' the scene of some of Squire Western's immortal exploits when he came to town on that memorable expedition resulting in the discomfiture of Mr Blifil and the happiness of that amiable scape-grace Tom Jones.

Here we must bid adieu to Piccadilly. In our short journey we have met with many pleasant people, revived many pleasant recollections; yet they are but a tithe of the associations connected with this bright and busy thoroughfare, respecting which one may cordially endorse the opinion expressed in the verses from which we have already quoted:

Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly.

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXV.—CAN HE REMEMBER?

It was past ten o'clock that Sunday evening when Elsie arrived home. Athelstan and George were waiting up for her. 'Again the mysterious appointment?' asked the former. 'Are we to know anything yet?'—Elsie shook her head.—'Not to-night? Very good. You look tired, Elsie.'

'I am tired, thank you. And—and I think I would rather not talk to-night. I will go to my own room.—Have patience, both of you, for a day or two longer. Believe me, everything is going well. The only reason why I cannot tell you what I have been doing is that it is so strange—so wonderful—that I have not been able even to shape it into words in my own mind.—What is to-day? The 1st of August.'

'Only eleven days yet—eleven long days,' said George, 'but also eleven short days.'

'I do not forget. Well—you may both of you sit down—go about your business—you need do nothing more. As for me, I think you will have to get on without me every evening this week. But be quite easy. The thing is done.' And with that, nodding and laughing, she ran out of the room.

'It is done,' repeated George. 'The thing is done. Which thing?'

'It is done,' repeated Athelstan. 'What is done? How was it done? Who did it? When was it done?'

'Since Elsie says it is done, I am bound to accept her assurance. Presumably, she has caught old Checkley at South Square, in the very act. Never mind; I am quite sure that Elsie knows what she says.'

In her own retreat Elsie sat down to consider.

If you think of it, she had a good deal to

consider. She had, in fact, a tremendous weapon, an eighty-ton Woolwich, in her possession; a thing which had to be handled so that when it was fired it should not produce a general massacre. All those who had maligned and spoken and thought evil of her brother and her lover should, she thought, be laid prostrate by the mere puff and whiff of the discharge. Checkley should fall backwards, and raise a bump at the back of his head as big as an egg. Sir Samuel and Hilda should be tumbled down in the most ignominious fashion, just as if they had no money at all. And her mother should be forced to cry out that she had been wrong and hasty.

She held in her own hands nothing less than the complete demolition of all this erection of suspicion and malignity. Nothing less. She could restore to her brother that which he had never lost, save in the eyes of his own people, who should have been the most jealous to preserve it. No greater service could be rendered to him. And she could clear from her lover's name whatever shreds and mists had been gathered round it by the industrious breath of Checkley—that humble Cloud Compeller. You see, we all have this much of Zeus in us, even in the compelling of Clouds: every man by the exercise of a little malignity, a little insinuation, and a few falsehoods, can raise quite a considerable mist about the head or the name or the figure or the reputation of any one. Women—some women, that is—are constantly engaged in this occupation; and after they have been at their work, it is sometimes hard for the brightest sunshine to melt those mists away.

To be able to clear away clouds is a great thing. Besides this, Elsie had found out what the rest had failed to find out—and by the simplest method. She had learned from the only person who knew at what hour she should be most likely to find the mysterious Edmund Gray, and she had then waited on the stairs until he came. No method more direct—yet nobody thought of it except herself. She had done it. As the result, there was no longer any mystery. The man who forged the first cheque: the man who wrote those letters and conducted their transfer: was, as they all thought at first, Edmund Gray. No other. And Edmund Gray was Edward Dering, one and the same person—and Edward Dering was a Madman, and this discovery it was which so profoundly impressed her. There were no confederates: there was no one wanted to intercept the post: no one had tampered with the safe: the Chief himself had received the letters and conducted the correspondence alternately as Edmund Gray himself, or Edmund Gray acting unconsciously for Edward Dering.

Perfectly impossible—Perfectly simple—Perfectly intelligible. As for the impossibility, a fact may remain when its impossibility is established. Elsie was not a psychologist or a student of the brain. She knew nothing about mental maladies. She only said after what she had seen and heard: 'The man is mad.'

Then she thought how she should best act. To establish the identity of Mr Dering and Edmund Gray must be done. It was the one thing necessary. Very well. That could easily be done, and in a simple way. She had only to march into his office at the head of a small

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band of witnesses and say: 'You wanted us to find out Edmund Gray! I have found him. And thou art the man!'

He would deny it. He certainly knew nothing about it. Then she would call upon her witnesses. First, Athelstan's commissionaire, who declared that he should remember, even after eight years or eighty years, the gentleman who sent him to cash that cheque. 'Who is this man, commissionaire?'

'That is Mr Edmund Gray.'

Next the landlord of his chambers. 'Who is this man?'

'That is Mr Edmund Gray, my tenant for nine years.'

Then she would call the eminent Barrister, Mr Langhorne. 'Do you know this man?'

'He is my neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray.'

And Freddy Carstone the Coach.

'He is my neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray.'

And the laundress, and she would say: 'I have done for the gentleman for nine years. He's a very good gentleman, and generous—and his name is Mr Edmund Gray.'

And the people from the Hall—and they would make answer, with one consent: 'That is Mr Edmund Gray, our preacher and our teacher.'

And she herself would give her testimony: 'I have sat with you in your chambers. I have heard you lecture in your Hall, surrounded by these good people, and you are Edmund Gray.'

The thing was quite easy to do. She could bring forward all this evidence at once, and it would be unanswerable and convincing even to Sir Samuel.

Except for one thing which made it difficult.

The discovery would be a most dreadful—a most terrible—revelation to one who believed himself to be the most respectable solicitor in the whole of London; the most trustworthy; the clearest in mind; the keenest in vision; the coldest in judgment. He would learn without the least previous suspicion or preparation, or any softening of the blow, that for many years he had been—What? Is there any other word—any kinder word—any word less terrifying or less humiliating by which the news could be conveyed to him that he had been Mad—Mad—Mad? Heavens! what a word it is! How terrible to look at with its three little letters which mean so much. All the words that mean much are monosyllables: God—Love—Joy—Hate—Fear—Glad—Sad—Mad—Bad—Hell—Home—Wife—Child—House—Song—Feast—Wine—Kiss—everything—they are the oldest words, you see; they have been used from time immemorial by prehistoric man as well as by ourselves.

Mr Dering had to be told that he was Mad. Somehow or other, he must be told that. It seemed at first the only way out of the difficulty. How could this girl communicate the dreadful news to her guardian, who had always been to her considerate, and even affectionate? She shrank from the task. Then she thought she would hand it over to her brother Athelstan. But he was far more concerned about clearing up the hateful business than about softening the blow for Mr Dering. Or of communicating it to George. What should she do? Mr Dering was mad. Not mad all the time, but mad now and then, sometimes every day, sometimes with

intervals. This kind of madness, I believe, takes many forms—a fact which should make the strongest men tremble. Sometimes it lasts a long time before it is found out. Sometimes even it is never found out at all. Solicitors and doctors tell queer stories about it. For instance, that story—quite a common story—of an old gentleman of irreproachable reputation, a speaker and leader in religious circles, a man enormously respected by all classes, concerning whom not his bitterest enemy had a word of scandal—yet, after his death, things deplorable, things incredible, things to be suppressed at any cost, were brought to the knowledge of his lawyers. At certain times he went mad, you see. Then he forgot who he was: he forgot his reputation, his place in the world, and the awful penalties of being found out: he went down: he lived among people of the baser sort, and became an inferior man with another name, and died without ever knowing his own dreadful record. Another of whom I have heard was mad for fifteen years, yet the Chief of a great House, who all the time conducted the business with great ability. He was found out at last because he began to buy things. Once he sent home six grand pianos: another time he bought all the cricket bats that were in stock in a certain shop; and another time he bought all the hats that fitted him at all the hatters' shops within a circle whose centre was Piccadilly Circus and the radius a mile long. After this they gave him a cheerful companion, who took walks abroad with him, and he retired from active business.

Some philosophers maintain that we are all gone mad on certain points. In that case, if one does not know it or suspect it, and if our friends neither know nor suspect it, what does it matter? There are also, we all know, points on which some of us are mad, and everybody knows it. There is the man who believes that he is a great poet, and publishes volume after volume all at his own expense to prove it: there is the man—but he ought to be taken away and put on a treadmill—who writes letters to the papers on every conceivable subject with the day before yesterday's wisdom: there is the man who thinks he can paint—we all know plenty of men mad like unto these, and we are for the most part willing to tolerate them. Considerations, however, on the universality of the complaint fail to bring consolation to any except those who have it not. In the same way, nobody who dies of any disease is comforted with the thought of the rarity or the frequency of that disease; its interesting character has no charm for him. Nor is the man on his way to be hanged consoled by the reminder that thousands have trodden that flowery way before him. To Mr Dering, proud of his own intellect, self-sufficient and strong, the discovery of these things would certainly bring humiliation intolerable, perhaps—even—shame unto Death itself. How—oh! how could things be managed so as to spare him this pain?

Elsie's difficulties grew greater the more she pondered over them. It was past midnight when she closed the volume of thought and her eyes at the same moment.

In the morning, Athelstan kissed her gravely.

'Do you remember what you said last night, Elsie? You said that we could rest at peace because the thing was done.'

'Well, Athelstan, the words could only have one meaning, could they? I mean, if you want me to be more explicit, that the thing is actually done. My dear brother, I know all about it now. I know who signed that first cheque—who sent the commissionaire to the Bank, who received the notes—who placed them in the safe—who wrote about the transfers—who received the letters and carried on the whole business. I can place my hand upon him to-day, if necessary.'

'Without doubt? With proofs, ample proofs?'

'Without the least doubt—with a cloud of witnesses. My dear brother, do not doubt me. I have done it. Yet—for a reason—to spare one most deeply concerned—for the pity of it—if you knew—give me a few days—a week, perhaps, to find a way if I can. If I cannot, then the cruel truth must be told bluntly whatever happens.'

'Remember all the mischief the old villain has done.'

'The old villain? Oh! you mean Checkley?'

'Of course; whom should I mean?'

'Nobody—nothing. Brother, if you bid me speak to-day, I will speak. No one has a better right to command. But if this—this person—were to die to-day, my proofs are so ample that there could be no doubt possible. Yes—even my mother—it is dreadful to say it—but she is so hard and so obstinate—even my mother would acknowledge that there is no doubt possible.'

Athelstan stooped and kissed her. 'Order it exactly as you please, my child. If I have waited eight long years, I can wait another week. Another week! Then I shall at last be able to speak of my people at home. I shall go back to California with belongings like other men. I shall be able to make friends; I can even, if it comes in my way, make love, Elsie. Do you think you understand quite what this means to me?'

He left her presently to go about his work.

In the corner of the room stood her easel with the portrait, the fancy portrait, of Mr Dering the Benevolent—Mr Dering the Optimist—Mr Dering as he might be with the same features and the least little change in their habitual setting.

Elsie stood before this picture, looking at it curiously.

'Yes,' she murmured, 'you are a dear, tender-hearted, kindly benevolent, simple old Thing. You believe in human nature: you think that everybody is longing for the Kingdom of Heaven. You think that everybody would be comfortable in it: that everybody longs for honesty. Before I altered you and improved your face, you were Justice without mercy: you were Law without leniency: you were Experience which knows that all men are wicked by choice when they get the chance: you had no soft place anywhere: you held that Society exists only for the preservation of Property. Oh! you are so much more lovable now, if you would only think so—if you only knew. You believe in men and women: that is a wonderful advance—and you have done well to change your old name to your new name. I think I should like you always to be Edmund Gray. But how am I to tell you? How, in the

name of wonder, am I to tell you that you are Edmund Gray? First of all, I must see you—I must break the thing gently—I must force you somehow to recollect, as soon as possible. I must make you somehow understand what has happened.'

She had promised to meet Mr Edmund Gray at his Chambers that evening at five. He showed his confidence in her by giving her a latchkey, so that she might let herself in if he happened not to be in the Chambers when she called, at five. She would try, then, to bring him back to himself. She pictured his amazement—his shame—at finding himself in strange rooms under another name, preaching wild doctrines. It would be too much for him. Better go to Mr Dering, the real Mr Dering, and try to move him, in his own office, to recollect what had happened. Because, you see, Elsie, unacquainted with these obscure forms of brain disease, imagined that she might by artful question and suggestion clear that clouded memory, and show the lawyer his double figuring as a Socialist.

She waited till the afternoon. She arrived at New Square about three, two hours before her engagement at Gray's Inn.

Mr Dering received her with his usual kindness. He was austere but benign.

'I tried to see you last night,' she said, untruthfully, because the words conveyed the impression that she had called upon him.

'No—no. I was—I suppose I was out. I went out'—His face clouded, and he stopped. 'Yes—you were saying, Mr Dering, that you went out.'

'Last night was Sunday, wasn't it? Yes; I went out.—Where did I go?' He drummed the table with his fingers irritably. 'Where did I go? Where?—What does it matter?'

'Nothing at all. Only it is strange that you should not remember.'

'I told you once before, Elsie,' he said, 'I suffer—I labour—under curious fits of forgetfulness. Now, at this moment, I—it really is absurd—I cannot remember where I was last night. I am an old man. It is the privilege of age to forget yesterday, and to remember fifty years ago.'

'I was talking last night to an old gentleman who said much the same. He has Chambers where he goes to write: he has a Lecture Hall—where he preaches to the people.'

Mr Dering looked at her in mild surprise. What did she mean? Elsie coloured.

'Of course,' she said, 'this has nothing to do with you.'

'How I spent the evening I know very well,' Mr Dering went on. 'Yet I forget. That is the trouble with me. My housekeeper will not give me dinner on Sunday evening, and on that day I go to my Club. I get there about five or six: I read the magazines till seven. Sometimes I drop off to sleep—we old fellows will drop off, you know—about seven I have dinner. After dinner I take my coffee, and read or talk if there is any one I know. About nine I walk home. That has been my custom for many years. Therefore, that is how I spent the evening of yesterday.—But, you see, I cannot remember it. Breakfast I remember, and the Church service afterwards. Luncheon I remember: getting home at ten I

remember. But the interval between I cannot remember.'

'Do you forget other things? Do you remember Saturday afternoon, for instance?'

'Yes—perfectly. I left the office about five. I walked straight home.—No—no—that isn't right. It was nearly eight when I got home. I remember. The dinner was spoiled.—No—I did not go straight home.'

'Perhaps you stayed here till past seven?'

'No—no. I remember looking at the clock as I put on my hat. It was half-past five when I went out.—Five. What did I do between half-past five o'clock and eight? I forget. You see, my trouble, Elsie—I forget. Perhaps I went to the Club: perhaps I strolled about: perhaps I came back here. There are three hours to account for—and I have forgotten them all.'

DEEP MINING AT MANCHESTER.

THE various textile industries of Manchester are so extensive that they quite overshadow its doings in the world of mining, and the town is hardly looked upon as a mining centre at all. Nevertheless, the Manchester coal-field has been the scene of the greatest activity and advancement; difficulties have been encountered and overcome and depths have been reached which are not so much as thought of elsewhere in the kingdom. On the eastern side of Manchester the coal-field forms a half-basin, and the strata of the rocks lie inclined towards the city at an angle of ten to twenty degrees from the horizon, the direction of the line of greatest dip being pretty nearly coincident with the main roads leading from the various outlying towns, which on a map look like the spokes of a wheel. Hence it is that coal-seams which lie near the surface some ten or twelve miles from Manchester gradually attain a greater depth as you approach the city, though at intervals they are suddenly uplifted nearer to the surface by dislocations known as 'faults'; or it may be that faults intervene, throwing down the seams of coal, and causing them to lie at a depth greater than that due to the ordinary inclination of the strata.

In the spring of 1875 a number of gentlemen, headed by the late Earl of Stamford and Warrington, decided to sink two shafts at Audenshaw, a village five miles from the Manchester Cathedral, and on the 6th of March in that year the first sod of the Ashton Moss Colliery was cut. In the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, which is situated about a mile to the east of Audenshaw, coal-mining had been vigorously carried on for many years, and most of the beds of coal had been investigated. Among the seams most profitable to work there were two, known as the 'Great' and 'Roger' seams; and by calculations based on the operations of several old collieries, it was considered that these seams might be pierced by the Ashton Moss shafts at a depth of some seven or eight hundred yards. Below the 'Roger' seam there lies a bed of coal called, from its shiny appearance, the 'Black Mine,' and this seam had also been largely worked in

the neighbourhood. Its depth below the 'Roger' is about four hundred yards.

The initial difficulty encountered was a thick deposit of sand, gravel, and marl, covering the solid rocks, and nearly sixty yards in thickness. This surface deposit had previously been explored by boring, and was known to contain a considerable amount of water. The shafts—two are required by the Mines Regulation Acts—were intended to be circular in shape, and sixteen feet in diameter when finished. In order to provide for the difficulties in sinking through the sand, they were commenced with a diameter of twenty-four feet; and after the solid rocks had been reached, inner walls, resting on a bed of impervious rock, were built, reducing the shafts to the required dimensions. These walls contained a cavity into which Portland cement was run; holes were left open at the lower part, to allow free passage for water during the construction of the walls; and on their completion, these holes were plugged up, and the whole of the water found in the wet sand was kept out of the shafts. The rocks under the surface deposit proved to be true coal-measures, although marked on the Geological Ordnance maps as 'Permian' red sandstones.

The early sinking did not offer any matter of interest except that down to a depth of two hundred and fifty yards, feeders of water were constantly met with, necessitating expensive pumping machinery. Seams of coal were met from time to time varying from one inch to two feet in thickness; huge beds of beautiful stained sandstone were passed through; but there was no indication of the whereabouts of the 'Roger' seam.

Years went on, and at length it was decided to make an exploration by driving a heading in one of the seams of coal passed through, to try to discover how the ground lay around the shafts. All proved useless, and it appeared as though the coal-beds had become attenuated in the locality. Finally, in 1880 it was decided to put down a bore-hole, and accordingly operations were commenced with a 'diamond' boring-machine, starting at the bottom of the deeper of the shafts, which had then attained a depth of seven hundred yards. The diamond boring-machine is a very simple apparatus, consisting of a pipe which is made to revolve, and which is furnished with a cutting edge, the cutting arrangement being formed of a number of discoloured Cape diamonds. This pipe penetrates the ground very rapidly, and samples of the rocks are procured in the shape of cores left in the pipe, much in the same way that a cheesemonger dips his knife into the middle of a cheese and extracts a sample from the interior.

The bore-hole was commenced with a diameter of nine inches, and this was gradually reduced to about an inch and a quarter at the bottom, the diminution being rendered necessary by the introduction of iron casings from time to time to keep the hole open, so that the hole eventually assumed the form of a very long telescope. The total depth ultimately reached was a thousand and eighteen yards from the surface, which is very much deeper than that of any boring previously made in England, or than any likely to be made again for some time to come. At nine hundred yards a bed of coal six feet thick was

found, and at nine hundred and fifty yards another bed of four feet. In addition there were several smaller seams, the total number of beds of coal of all thicknesses passed through by sinking or boring being sixty-eight.

After this successful exploration, the shafts were sunk down to the workable seams. These beds on a closer acquaintance turned out to be not the 'Great' and 'Roger' Mines, but the 'Black Mine,' and a somewhat inferior bed of coal known as 'The Saltpetre' seam. As the 'Black' Mine lies below the 'Roger,' this discovery raised the problem of what had become of the latter. There could be little doubt of its actual existence, and its absence in the shaft was to be explained by the theory of a large fault which must have been passed through in sinking. The existence of the fault was proved beyond all doubt in May 1891. A heading started in the 'Saltpetre' Seam was driven right through the fault, and by a piece of wonderful luck the 'Roger' Mine was discovered on the eastern side of it. There can be no doubt that the 'Great' Mine lies about fifty yards above the 'Roger,' and that they may both be found on the western side of the fault at a depth of some four hundred and fifty yards.

This extraordinary feat of driving from one seam of coal to another four hundred yards geologically higher is what, in sporting language, would be termed a 'thousand-to-one chance.' To illustrate the position, let the reader imagine a building to be severed by a fracture, running from roof to cellar, not quite vertically, but leaning over to the left hand. On the right-hand side of the fracture let a portion of the building be supposed to have sunk down until its roof is below the level of the cellar of the other portion. Imagine that in the process of subsiding, the building has not gone down vertically, but along the line of fracture. Under these circumstances, the part which has gone down will lie to one side of the other part, and a perpendicular line might be drawn between the two portions of the severed building without passing through either of them. This is the condition of things usually met with in mining, although it does not often occur that shafts happen to be sunk through a fault so as to just miss the severed coal-seams. If, however, the fracture were to lean over towards the right hand, and the right-hand portion of the building were to subside along the line of fracture, it might be brought into the position of lying exactly under the remaining portion of the building, and a vertical line might be drawn through both portions, cutting bedrooms, ground-floor, cellars, &c., twice. This condition of things is known in geology as a 'reversed fault,' and is not often met with.

A sinking pit is usually kept going continuously, Sundays excepted, the workmen being employed in shifts of eight hours each; in a sixteen-foot pit there would be from twelve to sixteen men employed at once. The material is drawn out by means of an iron vessel called a 'hoppet,' which contains about a ton and a half of broken rock. It is not usual to employ any mechanical means of preventing the hoppet from swinging from side to side, but it has to be held still for a few minutes, so that the rope is exactly perpendicular before it is sent up the pit. At a

great depth, the slightest touch will send the hoppet across the pit; therefore, the operation of steadying is a delicate and most important one.

The only accident of a serious nature which occurred during the sinking at Ashton Moss was one caused by the hoppet being sent up while swinging slightly: the contractor was in it with one leg hanging over the side; the hoppet struck a beam placed across one side of the shaft, and broke the contractor's thigh.

It is almost always necessary to loosen the ground sunk through by means of some kind of explosive, gunpowder being generally employed in dry places, and dynamite or some such disagreeable substance when water is present. Three or four holes are bored and charged and fired at once, time fuses of different lengths being used, so that each shot may be distinctly heard, to make sure that all have gone off. Of course, all the men have to get out of the way when the shots are fired, and great care taken to keep everything in order with the engine and signals, so that the men whose duty it is to light the fuses may be safely and rapidly drawn out when that duty has been performed. Blasting is sometimes carried on by means of an electric current, but there are many objections to this method.

The sides of a shaft are protected by brickwork, which is put in during the course of the sinking from time to time, in lengths varying with the nature of the ground; each length is laid on a foundation consisting of an iron ring, and the ring itself rests on plugs driven into the solid rock.

Water is not often met with at great depths: at Ashton Moss there are continuous feeders down to two hundred and twenty yards, in all amounting to twelve thousand gallons per hour, weighing about five times as much as the coal raised. In extracting coal at these depths, the very greatest care has to be taken to prevent the weight of the overlying rocks destroying the underground works. Roof, sides, and floor are constantly moving, and the enormous thrusting power exerted by the weight of the rocks rapidly smashes timber and brickwork.

The natural temperature at the bottom of the Ashton Moss Mine is eighty-four degrees, being very much lower than the theoretical temperature calculated upon by the Royal Coal Commission. The barometer stands three inches higher than at the surface.

How far this venture has influenced the question of the duration of the British coal-fields, it is not easy to say. The limit of depth laid down by the Royal Coal Commission in 1871 was four thousand feet, and this limit was fixed largely from the temperature calculated to obtain at that depth. It is well known that temperatures at the same depth vary largely at different places. Heat escapes along the lines of stratification, and where the stratification lends itself—as at Ashton Moss—to a ready escape, the temperature is much lower than at a place where the stratification is flat or otherwise unsuitable to the easy emission of heat. There seems no reason why the limit of four thousand feet should not be passed at Ashton Moss, leaving out the question of cost. Sinking at nine hundred yards deep presents to skilful men no greater difficulties than at two hundred

yards. We have certainly not reached the limit of strength in ropes and winding power, and when the pinch of scarcity comes, the difficulty of cost will disappear with the enhancement of prices.

THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOICE ON THE FELL.

THE way is long when the foot is weary ; and that old man, with white locks tossed and dishevelled, will have a hard fight with the strong west wind ere he gain the summit of Brathrig Fell. He pulls his cap closer down over his brow, and struggles on, with head bent forward to the gale. His step is slow and uncertain, and he frequently pauses to take breath, turning the while his back to the wind to let the fierce gust pass. One hand holds the staff with which he props his fainting limbs ; the other clutches the fastenings of a small valise or knapsack, brown and much worn, which he carries slung over his shoulder.

The man certainly looks old, yet his feebleness would almost seem due less to age than to illness. For as he gains the shelter of the pine-wood that skirts the brow of the hill, and sits down by the wayside to rest, there is a hectic flush on his cheek, a quick coming and going of the breath, as if some spasm of agony, mental or physical, were about to seize upon and destroy him. His lips move tremulously, like those of one speaking in pain, but a half-stifled groan is all that is audible.

It was evening, and the mingled gloom and glory of the red October sunset fired the western sky. The great hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland rose up huge and black against that burning background of light, the smooth round crest of Helvellyn contrasting with the sharper ridges of Skiddaw and Saddleback. Dense masses of black cloud swept along the nearer sky, or lay in the far distance like bars of darkness across the western flame. A misty dimness was creeping up into the valleys on the farther side of the Fell, showing like a thin white mist against the purple shadows of the hills. And away down there to the left, glimpses might be had through the trees of the glittering surface of a wind-swept lake, giving back the colours of the western sky in waves of slowly-fading brightness.

The light in the west gradually died down from fiery red to soft amber, and ere long from amber to a cold frosty gray. Yet still the winds blew, and roared among the great pines above upon the hill. Down in its wild ravine, Brathrig Beck sent its hurrying waters crashing from cataract and linn, making, with the creaking and groaning of the trees, a gloomy confused music as of Dis. Through it all, the old man sat silent, introspective, self-absorbed. He was heedless

alike of sunset hues, of driving cloud-rack, of the rush of winds and waters. There was a fierce stormy beauty in the scene around him, but his eye marked it not. Nature may deliver her message to the pensive-souled, the love-lorn, the calm thinker of deep things, but her still small voice cannot reach the heart that is torn by compunction and remorse. For so this old man's heart seemed to be. He, with his weak, melancholy eyes, and sad introspective vision, heard another voice within him than that of Nature, and the half-unconscious gaze beneath his drooping eyelids showed that his heart was like his eyes, and these were far away.

'Ah !' said he, as if speaking within himself, 'be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleet.'

And then, suddenly roused by the sound of his own voice, he looked up, and, conscious that the twilight was visibly deepening around him, started to his feet with a quick nervous motion, and once more continued his ascent.

The narrow hill-road led zigzag fashion along the ridge towards the higher ground, and was in some parts smooth and easy, in others rugged and uneven. For long he toiled wearily on, making little headway against the masterful gale, and with more and more frequent pauses for rest. Now and again, as some gust more fierce than its predecessors caught him, he was fain to cling to the grassy bank on his right, like a man who on shipboard, when the vessel heels suddenly to the wind, grasps eagerly whatever support is within reach. Away down on the left, the shimmering lake was coming more fully into sight, but the opalescent brightness of the sunset was no longer upon it, and its aspect, cold and leaden, was gloomy and depressing.

At that moment there came up on the wind the faint and distant clangour of bells. It was the hour of curfew, rung out from the tall square tower of Linlaven Church, outlined, with its surrounding trees, against the gray background of the lake. It did not seem at first as if the solitary wayfarer heard the bells. But as the wind brought towards him, now and then, a fuller and deeper swell of sound, he would pause for a moment and listen. He was like a man in a dream, not quite sure whether what he heard was reality or not.

At last the bells ceased ; but the old man still pressed wearily on—on into the gathering darkness ; till presently his waning strength failed him altogether, and he sank down by the wayside. A faint groan escaped his lips : no more. The night closed around him ; dim stars peeped glimmering through the torn rack of the sky ; no voice or footstep of living thing broke the solitude : he lay there, alone, beneath the darkness, with the winds and the clouds and the falling waters.

The Rev. Francis Norham, the aged Vicar of Linlaven, was sitting that same evening by his

study window, looking out upon the gathering storm, watching apparently the effect of the swift wind upon the trees that surrounded his home. There had been a touch of frost a few days before, and now, as blast after blast struck the swaying boughs, the sere and yellow foliage was driven off in showers, flying thick as snow-flakes across the garden, and across the churchyard, in great eddying whirls. The slates upon the roof rattled in sharp dissonance; and now and again the walls of the house shook as some neglected door was banged to by the wind. Things were evidently lively outside. The Vicar loved his garden and his flowers; and as he saw the tall chrysanthemums, staked along the side-walks, bending to breakage in the windy air, he may have thought sadly for a moment that much of their autumn glory would be shorn away, and not a little of his gardening labour lost.

It is just possible, however, that his thoughts were otherwise; for when the curfew bell rang out, he started to his feet and looked at his watch. Was it really so late?

'Wilfrid should have been home before now,' he said. 'If he is not across Brathrig Fell before darkness sets in, he will have an awkward ride of it.'

And as he spoke, he walked to his writing-table, and struck a small hand-bell. Presently a servant entered with a lighted lamp, which she placed on the table.

'Has Mr Wilfrid not returned, Maria?'

'No, sir.'

'Then would you say to Mrs George that when she has seen the children to bed, she might join me here.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the servant, who, after drawing the blinds, closing the shutters, and extending the thick curtains across the windows, left the room.

The one lamp, with its heavy shade, lit the large library but feebly, although it shone on the writing-table with sufficient brilliancy. The Vicar was slightly distrait to-night. He did not sit down, but walked to and fro in a somewhat restless and anxious fashion. The wind without still roared among the trees, but he did not appear to heed it now.

After a time he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened a drawer in his writing-table, and took therefrom a small packet of letters slightly yellowed with age. Selecting one, he replaced the others, and sat down in his study chair, with the light of the lamp full upon him. Opening the sheet of paper, which had been addressed to himself, he began to read it over. It was dated December 21, 1853, and ran thus:

DEAR FRANK—I am afraid you will think I have got into a sorry scrape. It was bad enough for me to break with my father on the question of my profession in life, but I do not know how much worse it will be for him—or how much more perplexing for you, who have always stood by me—when it is known that I have married without his knowledge or consent. But such the fact is. I see now, what you have often told me, that when a young man breaks, as I did, with his natural and accustomed surroundings, he may, instead of conquering the new and

unexperienced surroundings, be conquered by them. I need not argue the point now. It is enough that I am married. Nor do I for a moment regret it.

My marriage took place nearly a year ago, but, not to aggravate my father beyond endurance, I have hitherto kept it a secret from you all. Circumstances, however, have so come about that I do not think it desirable to keep the matter a secret any longer. A month ago, a little girl was born to us, and justice both to the mother and the child demands that I should make my marriage known to my father. I have therefore written to him, informing him of what he will no doubt regard as but an additional exhibition of my headstrong folly.

My wife is a good and beautiful woman. Her name is Esther Hales, and she is the daughter of a dissenting minister. I have boarded with her mother—who is a widow—since I came to this town; and Esther, who is well educated, was for a time a day-governess. In manners and culture she is a lady; but as her pedigree is not so long-preserved as that of the Norhams, I am afraid my father will not regard her as being entitled to that distinction. Will you, therefore, like a good fellow, when you get this, go over to the Hall and see my father, and try to calm him down a little. I know he will be ever so wild when he gets the news I send him; but, after all, he is my father, and I am his son. You know, Frank, how much he and I loved each other until I tried to strike out a course in the world for myself, and how much the subsequent estrangement has cost the feelings of both of us. Things will, I trust, come right between us by-and-by.

In the meantime, I do not—for reasons which are not quite pleasant to me—wish you to answer this letter, and therefore do not send you my present address. I had yours of a month ago forwarded to me by a friend from my old address; but you must not use that address any more, as it might be attended with some risk to me. I cannot at present explain further; but you will understand. When fortune favours me with a more propitious gale, I will write you again.

A. N.

This letter was, as we have said, addressed to the man who was now for the twentieth time reading it, and the initials appended to it were those of Arthur Norham, the elder of the two sons of Squire Norham of Brathrig Hall.

The estate of Brathrig was a large one, as far as number of acres went; but when these acres are in great part composed of dry upland fells, mountain peaks, and stretches of picturesque water, the results in the shape of rent are not quite so imposing. The estate, moreover, was—as often happens in old family possessions—not much the richer by the operations of a long line of preceding Squires; and the holders of the mortgages were believed to have a greater personal interest in the rent-roll than even the Squire himself. Nevertheless, he hunted and shot, and went to Quarter Sessions, and gave dinners to his county neighbours, much as was done by other Squires, and managed, year in and year out, to pull through. He had married a lady whose family was of precisely the same antiquity as

his own, both counting back to the inevitable Conqueror, and beyond that to Charlemagne; and three children had been born to them—two sons and a daughter, the latter being the youngest.

It so happens in many cases that children as they grow up do not exhibit either the qualities or defects of their parents. And in Squire Norham's instance this was so as regarded both of his sons. The elder, Arthur, had as a boy manifested a most unaristocratic taste for mechanical operations; so much so, that if on any occasion he did not appear at the luncheon hour, he was to be found either in the carpenter's or the blacksmith's workshop—the latter most frequently. As he grew out of his boyhood's years, this passion made itself still more apparent; and when, after his second year at Oxford, he returned home, and announced what he proposed to follow as his future career, the first breach between himself and his father occurred. Arthur's declaration was no less than this, that he did not intend to return to Oxford, but that he wished instead to enter himself for the profession of a mining engineer.

It was a great shock to the Squire. It almost took his breath away. That a young man descended from the knights who came thither with William the Norman, should take to so mean a profession, was unheard of. Business of any kind was mean in the eyes of the Squire, whose views of life were based severely on aristocratic and hereditary principles. His son might go into the army or navy if he chose; but to speak of any other form of profession was preposterous. Army and navy apart, the right thing for a young Squire to do was to prolong the sports and pleasures of boyhood into the remainder of his natural life, varied perhaps by an occasional attendance at Quarter Sessions; or possibly if he developed brains enough, by finding for himself a seat in Parliament. Anything else was little short of absolute madness.

He could scarcely believe that he had heard aright. 'Arthur,' he at length said, 'who has put this preposterous notion into your head?'

'No one, in particular, father. You know I always had a taste for working with tools and machinery; and since I went to the university, I have been reading, and thinking about things, and keeping my eyes about me. You have often told me that the family property was much encumbered, and I do not think we shall ever be able to relieve it by my following upon the old lines. I am not strong in classics, and I do not see that any further knowledge of Latin and Greek on my part will ever help the estate. There are valuable minerals upon it, if we had the money to secure them; and I have formed the idea that, if I could qualify myself as a professional engineer, I might be able, with the little money we have, to make an attempt to work those minerals.'

It was a sensible and manly proposal; but the father could not see it. If the minerals were to be worked, surely there were sufficient men to be got for the purpose.

'But don't you see, father, that if I had a technical knowledge of the operations required, and of the minerals to be sought for, the knowledge would be worth money to us, and we should

not then be dependent upon the many mining adventurers upon whom gold has hitherto been simply thrown away.'

This last observation was somewhat unwise, or rather impolitic, on the part of Arthur; for it called up some unpleasant reflections in the Squire's mind, and did not improve his temper. The interview ended by the Squire informing Arthur that he must go back to Oxford as before.

Arthur was a headstrong youth; that was not to be denied. What he had set his mind upon, he would carry out, if he possibly could. By a legacy from a distant relative, he had something like two hundred pounds a year in his own right, and he thought that, with this, he could manage to qualify himself for the profession at which he aimed. Hence, without saying anything more to his father on the subject, he left home one morning secretly, and nothing further was known of him till the Squire received a letter in which Arthur told him that he had entered himself as a pupil to a mining engineer in Manchester.

His father received the intelligence as was to be expected. He stormed, and stamped, and denounced the insane folly of his son. Nor need we altogether withhold our sympathy from the Squire in this emergency. A man cannot change his opinions and instincts as he changes his clothes; he cannot divest himself of life-long habits as a snake creeps out of its slough, and start afresh with a brand-new set. That the Squire, according to his lights, should regard his son's conduct as monstrous, was perhaps, after all, only natural.

At the first, his rage took the form of a threat to disinherit the young man; and possibly not even the persuasions of Mr Brookes, the family lawyer, would have been successful in withholding him from executing his purpose had the character of his second son been quite satisfactory.

But the character of James Norham—or Jim, as his associates called him—was very far from being satisfactory. Unlike his brother, he was so far from disregarding the sports with which the country Squires and their sons filled up a portion of their time, that he could have filled up his whole time with them. Guns, and horses, and dogs were his unfailing solace during such hours as he did not spend in the parlour of the *Three Pigeons*—and he spent a great many hours there. Nor were his companions of the most select order. Jim would sit down and tiddle with any groom or stableman in the countryside, and was constantly making bets which he was unable to pay, much to the detriment of his father's income. At length, by the influence of friends, a commission was got for him in the army, and thus for a time the district was happily rid of his presence.

So the years passed, until that letter came to the Squire in which Arthur announced to him his marriage. The father declared at once what he should do. By a former will he had left the estate largely at the disposal of his wife, should she outlive him, and Arthur's share in it was only to depend upon certain contingencies. Now he had resolved to disinherit him, and would at once ride to town for that purpose.

He gave orders that the groom should bring round Black Prince immediately.

The groom, when he appeared with the horse, suggested that his master should ride another, as he had not been out much for some days. 'Your honour knows his temper,' he said, 'and this morning he is very fresh.'

'No,' replied the impatient and angry Squire; 'I must have him—the others are too slow for my errand.'

He proceeded to mount; but it was not till after a bit of a fight between horse and rider that Black Prince yielded to rein and spur. At length, however, he started off, and went tearing down the avenue at a furious pace.

The groom stood for a moment and watched them, dubiously. He had not failed to observe that both horse and rider were in a bad state of temper; and, as they disappeared round a bend of the road, a thought seemed to strike him. Hurrying back to the stables, he quickly led out and saddled another horse, which he at once mounted and rode off after his master.

At the entrance lodge the gates were open; and through these he passed rapidly, after having informed himself in which direction the Squire had ridden. For a couple of miles he never once got sight of him; but at length he did. The Squire was at a point where two roads forked off, and Black Prince was evidently refusing to take the one the Squire wished. A stiff battle was raging between the two, the horse lashing out and rearing. Just as the groom approached, the animal reared up and fell over—his rider underneath. When the servant dismounted to assist the Squire, it was to find him stone dead.

That same morning, the Vicar, having also received Arthur Norham's letter, had ridden over to Brathrig Hall, as the young man requested, in the hope of reconciling the Squire to the new situation. But he arrived too late. He was but in time to see the Squire's servants, with mournful faces, bearing the dead body of their master into the hall. The widow and her daughter were distracted with grief; and the Vicar soon found that he had more responsible duties to perform, and more solemn tasks to undertake, than were laid upon him by his friend Arthur's letter.

The Squire's death happened two days before Christmas; and what rendered this more remarkable was the fact—ascertained after long, and, for a time, baffled inquiries—that Arthur Norham had left his home on the day following that on which he had written to his father and the Vicar, and no trace of him had since been found. On the one day the son had disappeared; on the following the Squire had met his death. The dead Squire was laid with his ancestors in the chancel of Linlaven Church; but of Arthur—from that day to this not a word had ever been heard.

The Vicar sat this evening—the storm still roaring without—with the open letter in his hand, musing on the sad history and mystery which that letter had awakened once more in his mind. It was now nearly thirty years since he had first received and read it; but the effects which it brought about were operating to this

day. As he thought of all this, he heard the tramp of a horse outside, and presently the door of his room opened and a lady entered.

'Grandpapa,' she said, with an anxious look, 'that must be Wilfrid. Oh, how I wonder if he has a letter for me!'

CREMATION.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

It would certainly be a singular fact, should what appears to be a fact prove to be one—that Cremation was a means of disposal of the dead peculiar to that great Aryan or Indo-Germanic branch of the human family to which we belong. Nor is it a less singular fact—and fact this is beyond dispute—that cremation has never been more than a fashion among those peoples who have adopted it, that has never wholly overmastered and driven out the more ancient and more generally customary usage of interment.

In the Bible, cremation is spoken of as a sharpening of the punishment of death, as something conveying disgrace with it; and the only exceptions were those of Saul and his sons—when the bodies were burnt probably because it was not possible in any other way to convey their bones from the land of the Philistines to that of their fathers; and secondly, in cases of pestilence, when it was done in the hope of thereby arresting the spread of contagion.

As far as we have any evidence from history, the burning of the dead was confined to the Indo-Germanic stock, and was not universally practised even among it. Of the nations of antiquity, the Greeks are those of whom we know most, and the poetical descriptions in Homer of the burning of the bodies of Patroclus and of Achilles have given occasion to the supposition that cremation was the usual method among the Greeks of disposing of their dead. That this was not the case, however, has been revealed by the discoveries of Dr Schliemann at Mycenæ, where he has found bodies buried of those who were contemporaries of the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, if the interments be not in some cases those of some of these very heroes themselves. In later times, moreover, cremation was by no means universal among the Greeks; and owing to the expense of a funeral pyre, the interment of the dead was usual among those of moderate means and the poor. Cremation was a funeral luxury.

Since the fourth century before Christ, an idea prevailed that the dead required a sort of purification, and that this purification could be effected by fire. It was the same with the Etruscans and Romans. Pliny distinctly affirms that cremation was not the institution of the ancients, but that it arose much as in the case of Saul and his sons, through death far from home, and the impossibility of bringing home to be buried with their fathers those who had fallen in foreign wars in any other way than in ashes. Some of the noble Roman families refused to adopt the fashion when it spread. Conspicuous among these was the great Cornelian gens; and Sulla was the first member of this family who was burned, and he only because, having cast

out of their sepulchre and scattered the remains of his great adversary Marius, he feared lest his own body should be subjected to indignities, and consequently ordered that it should be cremated.

The custom of burning the dead had, however, come in long before this, as we may see from a law of the Twelve Tables that forbade the interment or the burning of a body within the precincts of the city. This law was broken by the populace at the funeral of Julius Cæsar, when they tumultuously seized on the corpse, collected benches and stools, and burnt it in the Forum.

Among the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, cremation was customary, and the Anglo-Saxons brought the usage over into Britain. In *Beowulf*, an Anglo-Saxon epic of the eighth century, there is a description of the burning of the dead.

In Scandinavia, both kinds of burial were in usage: the 'Brunaöld,' or age of burning of the dead; and the 'Haugaöld,' or age of interment of the dead. Baldur and Brunhild were both burnt on funeral pyres; but, on the other hand, numerous notices in the Sagas relate to the burial of the corpses in mounds. Moreover, the cairns and tumuli tell the same story—that both methods of disposing of the dead were in use. Some old chiefs were laid in their ships and mounds heaped over them; and some were first consumed to ashes.

Among the Celts, another great branch of the Indo-Germanic family, according to both Diodorus and Cæsar, the burning of the dead was customary; and Cæsar relates how that with the deceased were burned whatever he had most affected, as his horses and dogs, and formerly clients and slaves. It was the same with the Slavonic peoples. St Boniface tells how that the Wends at the beginning of the eighth century burned their dead, and how that wives committed suicide so as to be burned along with their deceased husbands. And Nestor, the historian of the Russians at the beginning of the twelfth century, says the same of those concerning whom he writes.

The great branch of the Aryan stock which turned eastward in like manner carried cremation with it, but not as a sole and exclusive usage, for it never took its place among the Parsees, who would regard it as a desecration of the pure and sacred flame; on the other hand, in India the practice of suttee became customary among the high-caste Brahmins: the wife was burnt along with the body of her husband. The usage of burning the dead is not, however, by any means universal. Corpses are cast into the sacred waters of the Ganges; and the burning of the dead is only of general practice in the valleys of the Himalaya among some of the savage or half-savage tribes. As concerns the Semitic races, cremation was never a prevalent usage. We see with what repugnance it was regarded by the Hebrews, whose highest conception of honour shown to the dead was embalming them, a conception probably derived from the Egyptians.

In Babylonia are the burial-places of the dead, who had not been subjected to fire; but, curiously enough, there has been discovered of recent years a necropolis of burnt bodies. Whether these are

the remains of foreigners of the Aryan race, settled in Babylonia, preserving their peculiar usage, or whether they represent the destruction of bodies by fire after a plague—an exceptional case in which alone cremation was endured—cannot be told.

The countless barrows and cairns dispersed over the downs and hills of Scotland, England, and Ireland tell of both cremation and inhumation. Not only so, but of both having been in use at one and the same time. In the same barrow, at the same interment, one corpse was reduced to ashes, the other not. Dr Anderson, in his *Scotland in Pagan Times*, says: 'With regard to the burial customs (in the Bronze Age), it is apparent that we have no evidence sufficient to separate the custom of cremation from the custom of burying the body unburnt. We have frequently found the burnt interments and the interments unburnt in close juxtaposition in the same group of burials, and in point of fact the two modes of burial are occasionally present in the same cairn.'

Canon Greenwell of Durham, who has made exhaustive and scientific exploration of the barrows on the Yorkshire wolds, gives precisely similar testimony. In his *British Barrows* he mentions several instances in which indubitably the two methods of burial have been practised simultaneously. He says: 'I have found many cases where a burnt and an unburnt body have been laid in the grave most unquestionably at the same time. It is difficult to say why one was burnt, while the other was interred without having undergone the process of cremation. I have thought we have in the burnt bodies those of wives and slaves killed at the time of the funeral of the man; still that is mere conjecture, and men are found burnt and laid alongside of unburnt women, if we may judge of the sex by the accompanying implements or weapons, which seems a fair deduction; but I am certain that inhumation and cremation were practised not only at the same time, but for interments made the same day.'

In one very curious instance brought under the writer's notice at St Sernin in Corrèze, a cairn contained a woman, one half of her unconsumed, the other half burned and placed in an urn.

It has been a matter of debate among antiquaries and ethnologists as to the race or races that erected the cairns and barrows and left their inhumated and incinerated remains in them. It has been conjectured that some belong to a pure Celtic race, others to the swarthy Ivernian stock which first occupied the British Isles, and is possibly of Turanian origin, represented now by the Basques, Lapps, and Finns. But as far as is known, incineration was a speciality of the Aryan stock, though never a permanent practice, one that appeared and disappeared, that prevailed, and was then abandoned by the branches of that great stock. And this fact, if fact it be—and it seems to be well established—goes far to make us believe that the barrow and cairn builders, at all events such as burnt their dead, were of the same Aryan race as ourselves.

But again, the fact, and fact it is, that at one and the same time, and in one and the same interment, both fashions of burial are found, is probably explained by the conduct of the mighty

men who rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines. When a chief had died at a distance from home, then he was incinerated, so that his body might be brought to the same necropolis where were buried the unburnt dead of his family or tribe. We find this explanation of the burning of the dead in the first book of Samuel, and also in Pliny, as explaining the introduction of the fashion among the Romans. Moreover, in some interments—though of an earlier age—the bones are found to be scratched, as though the flesh had been removed from them before burial. These were probably cases of dead warriors at a distance from their family resting-places, who were thus treated so as to enable their remains to be conveyed home.

IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

THE sunshine lay so hot upon the old garden outside the grateful shadow of the trees, that there was no stir of life. The grass looked almost dead, and a film of shimmering heat hung over it that seemed to scorch the eyeballs like a blast of hot air from a furnace of molten metal. It was mid-day—and mid-day in July. Scarcely a sound made the silence conscious; once only a big lumbering bee hummed across the open, but did not pause to levy contribution upon the heliotrope, which seemed the predominating savour in the strangely mingled scent that filled the place.

The garden was so old that it had an air almost of decrepitude, that was peculiarly delightful. It looked as though it might have been precisely as it was any summer these fifty years. The plants had luxuriated in an unpruned freedom that was their symmetrical death. The geraniums and gillyflowers, never among the aristocracy of plants, had degenerated to mere vagabondage; a carpet bed, that once had shown an even and close-set face of many colours to the sun, now survived only in a ragged and forlorn decay, like a beauty who has outlived her charms, yet still persists in revealing the rags and tatters of her once bright youth. The roses, too, had cast aside all notion of decorum, and wasted their strength in a prodigality of blossom, sweet indeed, but frail and heartless.

The garden had once been trim; the beds were cut into curious shapes, dividing the grass into numberless intricacies, and almost wearying the eye with their multiplicity of varying line. On the right, looking towards the south, stood some fine elms and a few copper beeches; while set, as it seemed, in the very centre of the place was a huge Portugal laurel, laden with its creamy flower-cones; and encircling this, a seat. All round the garden was a high wall, the sunny sides of which were covered with plum and pear and peach and nectarine; these seemed to have received more attention than their kindred of the beds. If you passed between the two tallest of the elms, you came to a little wicket gate, and there your eyes and nostrils at once would be assailed with a strange delight of scent and colour. Beyond the gate there lay an orchard, so old, so quiet, so reminiscent of old memories, that, under the shade of its gnarled and twisted branches, you would have forgotten the world

completely, or thought of it only as of a tale that is told. The red-checked, sun-baked apples diffused a subtle odour upon the air, and seemed to glint a homely welcome from their glossy skins. The trees were gray with lichen, and the long grass reached high up about their ancient trunks, as though the ripe and mature growth of a single spring and summer would claim protection from the still vigorous bearers of the wet and sunshine of many years. The thick growth was borne down in places by the weight of fallen fruit, as yet ungathered. The orchard was bounded on the further side by a tall nut-hedge; and beneath this, again, there was a rustic bench. The shadow of the trees lay still upon the grass, not a branch or a leaf stirring, and the light and shadow made a luxurious carpet like a black and gold brocade.

The house to which these ancient grounds belonged was as old and quiet as they. It stood, blinking in the light, with open casements and drawn blinds. It was a low building of gray stone, with heavy mullioned windows and queer gables; the overhanging eaves were thickly plastered on the under-side with swallows' nests; there were so many that the eye wearied in counting them before the tale was complete. At either side of the hall door roses climbed, which trespassed upon the wall-space of some jessamines and mingled their pink-tipped blossoms with their companions' yellow stars. About the house, too, there was no sign of life. Everything was quiet, and mellow, and world-proof; even the pigeons on the roof, whose burnished throats gleamed in the light, were as still and drowsy as the rest.

The hours glided slowly away, and as the declining sun made the elms cast longer shadows, the birds found voice again and called to one another through the cooling air. At about six o'clock the door opened, and an old gentleman stepped out and walked towards the Portugal laurel with a slow and measured pace. Having reached the seat, he sat down upon it, disposing himself comfortably with his back against the tree and his face towards the door, which he had left open. He was of a tall and stately bearing, half through his seventh decade, and with a simple, benevolent, and open countenance. His dress was of black velvet, the quality very fine, and at his breast and wrists were falls of rich amber-coloured lace. His stockings, too, were black; and his shoes were fastened by old paste buckles, framed in gold. The point of a black cane rested on the ground beside him; and his left hand, very delicate and finely jewelled, lay upon its golden knob. His look wandered round the garden slowly and contentedly; not with any sign of disquiet; but it always paused for a little longer when it returned to the open door, as though, without perturbation, but still with certainty, he expected some one to pass through it as he had done, and take the same way towards the seat on which he was sitting.

Under the shade of the dark-green leaves and blossoms, the air was cool and balmy; a black-bird up above him gave an occasional contented chuckle; and a wren, somewhere near, was piping its little song with all the strength of its small throat.

The old gentleman had sat thus for some ten

minutes, when he put his right hand into his pocket, drew out a snuff-box, transferred it to his left hand, opened it, and took a pinch with an appearance of calm enjoyment. The snuff-box was of gold, beautifully chased, and on the cover was a miniature. It represented a girl of perhaps twenty years of age, with long golden curls falling round a face so young and fresh, that, as the old gentleman looked at it after closing the box, and before returning it to his pocket, the sight brought a pleasant smile to his face, that seemed to take ten years from his age.

'She has altered very little,' he said, half aloud; 'the hair is gray; but the fashion of my wig has changed as well.'

He slipped the box into his pocket and resumed his former attitude.

As his eye reached the open door again, a new light flashed into his glance; for there came forth a lady as stately as himself, though not so tall, dressed in a black silk gown with trimmings of old gold. The old gentleman rose and walked towards her; half-way between the laurel and the door they met. He took off his hat with a low bow, and offered her his arm, which she accepted with an inclination as courtly as his own. He led her to the seat, and they sat down there, side by side. They were like a companion pair of antique drawings; even the colour of their dresses harmonised, like two notes making a perfect chord.

'It is forty years,' said the old gentleman, 'since we sat alone together in this garden. You may, perhaps, remember?'

Across the old lady's face there passed the suggestion of a blush; it was so slight that it seemed but the memory of one. 'I remember well,' she said.

'It was good of you,' he said, with an inclination of the head, 'to remain another day after my guests had gone; perhaps it was not right of me to ask you.'

'After the very pleasant time that I have spent here—and remembering our old friendship—I could not very well refuse so small a request; nor did I wish to refuse it,' she answered.

'You may recollect,' he said, tapping the knob of his stick with his finger, 'that I asked a greater favour of you forty years ago—if I offend you, pray bid me be silent—and now that so many, so very many, years have passed, can there be any wrong in asking why you wrote this letter?'

He took from his pocket, first his snuff-box, which he laid upon his knee, and then a leather case, from which he drew a letter, yellow at the edges, but untorn, as though preserved with infinite care. This he unfolded, and handed to his companion.

'Before I read this,' she said, 'will you permit me to look more closely at your snuff-box?'

'Madam,' he answered, 'you will do me honour—by looking at yourself.' He handed the box to her with another inclination.

As the old lady gazed at that fresh picture of her vanished youth, old memories seemed to stir within her, and the hand that held the box trembled, and her eyes saw it through a kindly mist. She returned it to him; he opened it and took another pinch; his hand, too, must have

been unsteady, for a little powder fell upon his ruffles. Having returned the box, she read the letter, which ran as follows:

'I am sorry that it cannot be as you desire; there are reasons which I cannot explain to prevent it. I trust to your honour to let no word escape you of what has passed, and to make no effort to see me again. Farewell.'

She held the letter between her fingers for full five minutes, then refolded it and handed it back.

'My hand,' she then said slowly, 'wrote that letter, but my heart did not. After so many years, and as you desire to know, I may tell the truth concerning it. May I trouble you with a few words of family history?'

'Anything, Madam, relating to yourself cannot but be pleasant to me to hear.'

'You are courteous, as ever.—Well, then, when I was here, in this house, forty years ago, as your father's guest, I was about twenty-two: yes—that is right—this year I shall be sixty-three.'

'And I,' said the old gentleman, 'sixty-six.—Excuse me; pray go on.'

'I met in this house a gentleman, young, frank, honourable, who, for some reason, chose to think he loved me.'

'Madam, he not only thought— But again, forgive me.'

'Who loved me, then. I, too, felt that counter-attraction towards him which—which a young girl may be permitted to feel under such circumstances. Just before the end of my visit, we chanced to meet alone under the shade of a large Portugal laurel in a well-trimmed garden.' Here the speaker looked round upon the unpruned beds, as though trying to recall a recollection.

The old gentleman said nothing; his head was bent slightly forward, his left hand still resting upon his stick.

'Certain words were spoken—true words, no doubt.'

The bowed head did not stir, but a low voice said: 'As true words, Madam, God help me, as were ever spoken—on one part.'

'And on mine. After so many years one may speak without reserve. I, on my return home, was to gain my father's consent. I could not obtain that consent; it would have been treason to run counter to his wishes; he was old, and there were reasons. Those reasons were simply these: his fortunes, my father's fortunes, were on the verge of ruin; the only thing that could save them was for his daughter to make a good marriage. The gentleman with whom I wished to mate was poor; even at his father's death, and that seemed distant, his fortune would not have been sufficient to save a falling house. Therefore the letter which you have done me the honour to keep so carefully, was written—not without pain, not without many vain tears, many years ago.'

The steady voice failed a little at the close, and the small dainty hands were pressed close together on the carefully smoothed gown. It was still quite light in the old garden; the cool air was full of perfume; the thud of a falling apple came from the orchard.

At length the old gentleman raised his head and said: 'I thank you, Madam, for the freedom with which you have spoken of these things.'

There is one more point upon which, if I may be permitted to speak'—

'Perhaps you would like to see the orchard again; the wrens build there still.'

Arm in arm they walked to the gate leading into it. He lifted the latch, and went in first, beating a pathway through the long grass with his stick. Then he returned and led his companion to the bench under the nut-hedge.

'You did not make this great marriage, after all, I think? Indeed, I think I am right in supposing that you have never married?'

'You are quite right. My father died within a year. There was enough left for a lonely woman to live upon; the necessity for my marriage was buried in my father's grave.'

'But, Madam, you were young and beautiful. I have heard that a disappointed love may bestow itself upon some other object.'

'My love was perhaps an old-fashioned love,' she answered, 'and perhaps I waited, thinking I might receive some sign or message from the gentleman of whom I have told you.'

'But you bound him, upon his honour, to say nothing!'

'I have heard of an honour that could'—

'Madam, perhaps his honour was an old-fashioned honour.—But I interrupt again—forgive me.'

'I will not finish the sentence; his honour and my love kept both apart—and this was forty years ago!'

'Let us no longer treat the matter thus. You were the lady; I was the gentleman. Do I surmise correctly?'

'You do,' answered the old lady.

'Then, during these forty years I have guarded both my love and honour. I have left this garden and orchard just as you saw it last; the beds have been weeded, that is all. The plants are the same, or have been succeeded by a self-sown posterity: the trees are the same—you may find your name, Madam, cut into the bark of more than one: the pigeons now upon the roof are the descendants of those which you fed from your hand forty years ago. I, too, have remained unchanged.—Madam'—and he sank upon one knee and took her hand—'we are both unchanged.'

'This, I believe, is not the manner of a gallant nowadays,' said the old lady, smiling; 'I understand that they do not kneel now.'

'My gallantry,' said the old gentleman, returning the smile, 'is an old-fashioned gallantry. But may we not come together at the end? In the beginning we were separated; let the end atone.'

'But I am an old woman now, sir. You will find at least four wrinkles on the hand you hold!'

'Madam,' he answered, 'there are at least four wrinkles upon my forehead; they may be set off against each other.'

He kissed the hand he held; and the old lady, bending a little nearer to the brave old face, said: 'As you will. If you wish it, we will pass the end together.'

He kissed her hand again silently; and drawing a ring from his finger, he slipped it upon one of those he held. Then he rose from his knee, still holding the hand, and drew it gently

within his arm, keeping his own still clasped upon it.

'May I see your snuff-box once more?' said the old lady.

'Take it,' he answered, 'and keep it in memory of these forty years—and of to-night.'

'Nay,' she said, taking it from him; 'I have this;' and she pressed the diamond he had just placed upon her finger against his palm; 'but when I have need of it, I will ask you for it.'

She looked again at the face that smiled back upon her from the past, and then opened the box and took a grain or two between her fingers; so small a pinch that the old gentleman could not restrain a smile. She handed the box back in silence.

'That is the greatest compliment that has ever been paid to me,' he said.

The pulses of each had beaten so calmly for so many years, that there was no great tumult then. The two lives glided together into one stream, and journeyed on towards the darkness which would end in light.

'You have stayed here too long; the dew is falling, and I am sure you cannot see to work.'

I looked up, as though awakened out of a dream.

'It is late,' I said. 'What time is it?'

'Half an hour past tea-time.—What have you been doing?'

I pointed to the sheaf of papers on the table which I carry out into the garden on fine days to work upon, and my sweet tyrant took them up and carried them out of the shadow of the nut-hedge to the light.

'Why, this is not the story you have been working at,' she said. 'Here you seem to have described this house; but our garden is as trim and neat as any garden, I am sure, could be.'

'Yes,' I answered; 'but it was not always so. This lovely summer day and a lazy fancy have produced the little scrap of true ancestral history which you now hold in your hand.—Let us go in.'

And so we went.

T W I L I G H T.

TWILIGHT, the gray-eyed child of Day and Night,
Comes wandering through the wood with pensive face,
Tender as thoughts of home; a placid grace
Follows her footsteps, and a holy light
Strikes amid leafless boughs, as childhood's dreams,
At sight of youth, awaken in the old.
And as I watch her take her noiseless way
By glen and field and lonely water-gleams,
Lost hopes, like buds of spring, again unfold,
And rosy light comes trembling through life's gray.
Thus have I watched thee, Twilight, long ago,
Thy coming but a herald to mine eyes
Of one who followed, and who filled my skies
Not as with night, but Love's own morning glow.

MARY CROSS.

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